front promenades I stretched myself on the ground, my aide
Fritz by my side. Feeling a nagging .desire to eat something,
I shouted into his ear: " Fritz, go and see whether you cannot
borrow a cracker for me from somebody. I am desperately
hungry." Fritz -had hardly moved two paces away from me
when a piece of a burst shell about half as large as my hand
fell upon the place on which he had been lying, 'and buried
itself several inches in the soil. Thus the life of my son's father-
in-law that was to be, was saved by the craving of my stomach.
The furious bombardment had lasted more than an hour
when the excellent Chief of Artillery of the Army of the
Potomac, General Hunt> passed along the line the order to
"cease firing"; not all the batteries to become silent at once,
but one after another. The intention, and the actual effect, was,
not only to prevent the further useless expenditure of ammuni-
tion, but principally to make the enemy believe that our artil-
lery was in great part seriously crippled and would no longer
be able to offer * effective resistance to a, vigorous attack. In
fact the actual effect of the enemy's grand bombardment of
our lines had been very trifling. A few pieces had been dis-
mounted, but they were easily replaced from the reserve artil-
lery. A few caissons had been exploded, but there was plenty
of ammunition left. Some men and some horses had been killed
or wounded, but'their number was astonishingly small consider-

ing the awfulness of the turmoil, and there was nothing of the terror and demoralization which the enemy, no doubt, had expected to produce. To judge by my own command, which occupied one of the positions most exposed to the enemy's fire, we had suffered very little in killed and wounded, and I did not hear of a single man that had skulked away from the ranks.

But the enemy seemed to think /differently^ AS our bat-